Douglas Fairbanks
in
The THIEF OF BAGDAD
PRICE 25 CENTS

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Raoul Walsh.....Director
Arthur Edeson.....Photographer
Lotta Woods.....Scenario Editor
Dr. Arthur Woods.....Research Director
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Paul Burns.Master of Wardrobe and Properties
Albert Wayne.....Master Electrician
Charles Warrington.....Still Photographer
Howard MacChesney... / Clinton Newman... / Walter Pallman... / J. C. Watson... } Technicians

The Players

The Thief of Bagdad.....Douglas Fairbanks
His Evil Associate.....Snitz Edwards
The Holy Man.....Charles Belcher
The Princess.....Julanne Johnston
The Mongol Slave.....Anna May Wong
The Slave of the Lute.....Winter-Blossom
The Slave of the Sand Board.....Etta Lee
The Caliph.....Brandon Hurst
His Soothsayer.....Tote Du Crow
The Mongol Prince.....So-Jin
His Counselor.....K. Nambu
His Court Magician.....Sadakichi Hartmann
The Indian Prince.....Noble Johnson
The Persian Prince.....M. Comant
His Awaker.....Charles Stevens
The Sworder.....Sam Baker
The Eunuchs..... Jess Weldon / Scott Mattraw / Charles Sylvester

Prefatory—

THERE is a touch of the fantastic even in the reason I made "The Thief of Bagdad"—for it is a reason impelled by the unseen. It is a tribute to the fineness that I believe underlies the workaday philosophy of men; a recognition of the inner forces that belie the sordidness of Life.

There can be no doubt that the human soul's reaching for finer, higher, more ethereal things is intuitive and first manifests itself in a child's love of fairy tales and fantasy.

The dreams, longings and roseate ambitions of childhood are relegated to the background of Life by the struggle of existence, but stifling them doesn't kill them. They persist throughout the years. There are moments when we all "dream dreams."

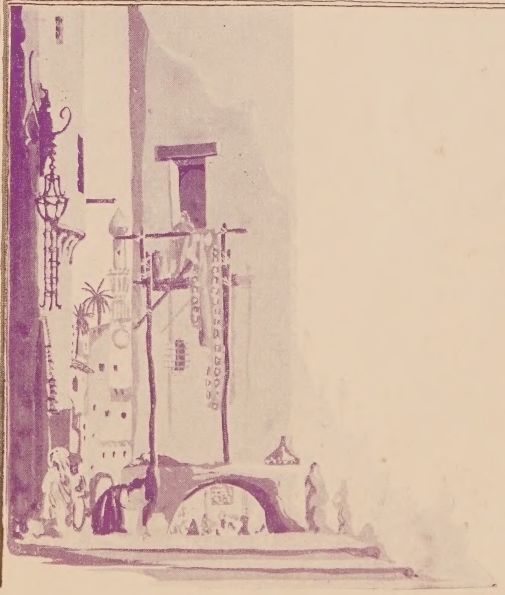
Imagery is inherent in the human breast. The brave deeds, the longing for better things, the striving for finer thoughts, the mental pictures of obstacles overcome and successes won are nearer to our real selves than our daily grind of earthly struggle.

"The Thief of Bagdad" is the story of the things we dream about; a tale of what happens when we go out from ourselves to conquer Worlds of Fancy. We set out to win our Heart's Desire; we confuse our enemies; we demean ourselves bravely; our success is complete; our reward is Happiness.

I believe that this is the story of every man's inner self and that every man will thus see it.

That's the reason I made "The Thief of Bagdad."

Douglas Fairbanks



The THIEF OF BAGDAD

An Arabian Nights Fantasy

As played by DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

Written for the Screen by ELTON THOMAS • • • *Retold in Story form by* LOTTA WOODS

AGAINST the velvet blackness of the desert sky, the low-hanging stars gleam in brilliant points of light. Below, picked out by their light, is a lonely group. A Holy Man drones over and over again the lesson he is teaching to a little, brown-skinned, naked boy. The child listens, his eyes fixed on the stars, until it seems to him that the very stars themselves spell out in star clusters the words of the lesson: "Happiness Must Be Earned."

Bagdad, magic city of the East, lay dreaming in the sunshine of a thousand years ago and, from far-off kingdoms, three Princes turned their greedy eyes thereto.

For thus the word had gone forth: A moon hence may suitors come from all the East to seek in marriage the hand of Bagdad's royal Princess.

The word came to the Kingdom of the Mongols and to India and to Persia and to the Princes thereof, and these Princes wholly resolved to win the Princess, departed each from his own kingdom.

Now, on this same day, Ahmed, a thief of Bagdad, pursued his nimble-fingered way and, as fruit of his dishonest calling, there came to his hand a magic rope.

Escaping from the owner of the rope, Ahmed made use of its magic powers to climb to a nearby window and found himself within the walls of a mosque. Never before in all his life had he set foot in a mosque.

Within, a Holy Man expounded his doctrine.

Ahmed listened. For a moment he was confounded by this, his first contact with Good, but he recovered himself and flouted the Holy Man with rude gesturing, loudly shouting the tenets of his own creed:

"I see what I want—and I take it. Paradise is a fool's dream and Allah is a myth."

Then, unchecked by the Holy Man, he flung himself from the mosque and came in time to his own evil den where he lived with one other, a Bird of Evil who fawned upon him to share his loot.

"Behold this rope," said Ahmed. "It is a magic rope. With it we can scale the highest walls."

A moon waxed and waned.

Through Bagdad's gates a train of laden porters came. They bore rare trappings for the Palace and viands to feast the suitors who, on the morrow, would come to sue for the hand of the Princess.

Ahmed, the thief, and Bird of Evil, creeping from their den, beheld this wealth pass by and jonied them to the end of the train hoping thereby to win an entrance to the Palace.

Repulsed, they whispered cunningly together and marked the high wall of the Palace with the sign of Ahmed.

"To-night," they said, "with the magic rope."

That night Ahmed and Bird of Evil came to the foot of the Palace wall and Bird of Evil waited below while Ahmed, by the aid of the magic rope, surmounted the wall and made entry to the Palace. Once inside, he moved stealthily about until he came into a treasure room.

There, as he burrowed in a chest of jewels, his hand was stayed by the tinkle of soft music. Forgetting his rope, he followed the sound. It led him to a room where—but just left by her slaves—the Princess lay asleep under a canopy of silken gauze.

He looked—went away—came back and looked again. Vainly he tried to drag himself back to the treasure chest. Finally he found himself close to the couch of the sleeping Princess, crouched there, listening to her soft breathing. Discarding indifferently the string of priceless pearls he had brought from the treasure room, he picked up one of the tiny slippers that still bore the warm impress of the Princess' foot. He examined it with curious interest.

Then, a strange new thrill. The Princess moved in her sleep and her slender white hand fell athwart the rough brown fist of the thief. Gently he moved to disengage it. The Princess was roused. She tossed aside her silken coverlet and it fell across his huddled form, hiding him from discovery through all the hubbub of alarm that followed.

Only one person—a Mongol slave girl—glimpsed him and she was silenced by the threat of his dagger. So he escaped, without his magic rope, whose loss troubled him not at all, and bearing with him the little silken slipper, his only booty save the memory of the Princess' loveliness.

Next day the Princess came with her slave girls to a high pavilion which overlooked the courtyard of the Palace. It was the Princess' birthday and suitors were coming from all the East. The robbery of the night before was forgotten in the excitement of this new interest.

The fluttering Princess bade a slave girl to read her fortune in the sand tables whose sands had been fetched from Mecca itself.

Blown gently by the breath of the sand reader, the sands shaped a rose.

The Slave of the Sand Board expounded the meaning thereof.

"Whoso of thy suitors first toucheth the rose-tree in the Palace courtyard, he will be thy husband," she said.

The Mongol slave girl, noting the deep interest the Princess evinced in this prophecy, slipped furtively away.

The Princess mused over her fortune.

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All that morning had Ahmed, the thief, brooded over the little silken slipper of the Princess, neglecting to follow his usual calling. Like a lodestone the slipper had drawn him to the Palace and, high up in a perch of leaves and vines that overlooked the pavilion of the Princess, he secretly watched the lovely maiden of his dreams.

Bird of Evil, trailing him, found him in his hidden refuge. He read in the thief's brooding eyes the secret of his heart. With sly hints and innuendoes he pointed out to Ahmed that even a Princess might be stolen if one were master of craft and knew the secrets of subtle drugs that drowsed.

Cupidity shone again in the eyes of the thief and he and his companion climbed down from their perch bent on finding a way into the Palace.

The throb of a huge drum gave warning to the Princess that suitors were at the Palace gates, and, from her high vantage point, she watched them as they came. Scarce did she breathe as each drew near the rose-tree.

There came the glowering Indian Prince — purse-proud and haughty.

Praise Allah, he touched not the rose-tree.

The Persian, fat and gross and sleepy, followed after.

He, too, failed to touch the rose-tree, and the Princess breathed freely again.

Now came the Mongol — cold and impassive. The Princess, frozen with dread, watched his progress with painful interest.

Close on the heels of the Mongol Prince came another.

He was announced as "Ahmed, Prince of the Isles, of the Seas, and of the Seven Palaces." In contrast to the luxury and state of the others, he came with one attendant, a pigmy fellow in clothes many times too large for him.

But the garments of Ahmed lacked naught of splendor for they had been pilfered from the richest bazaars of Bagdad.

The Mongol Prince watched this new arrival with suspicion, but his attention was diverted by the voice of the Mongol slave girl addressing him in his own tongue.

From behind a lattice she whispered to him furtively that the superstitions of the Princess were centered on the rose-tree.

To the Princess, the coming of the Prince of the Seas seemed a reprieve. She watched his progress in simple state and her eyes shone and she prayed within her heart that he might be the first to touch the rose-tree.

Then her face blenched with horror. She shrank against the parapet, trembling and unnerved.

The Mongol Prince was walking with grave deliberation toward the rose-bush. He was reaching forth his hand to pluck a rose.

Strange is the way of destiny!

A bee, disturbed in its meal, flew from the rose and menaced the out-stretched hand of the Mongol Prince. Brushing it aside with his fan, he set its course directly toward Ahmed. Its sharp sting pierced the sensitive ear of Ahmed's spirited horse. The animal sprang unexpectedly from the ground and tossed its unprepared rider straight into the heart of the rose-tree.

Ahmed, none the worse for his experience, descended from the bush bearing in his hand a rose he had plucked in his flight.

So quickly was the whole incident over that none save two had witnessed it, the Mongol Prince and the peeping Princess. The angered and suspicious Mongol went his way into the Palace but the Princess clasped her hands to her beating heart in an ecstacy of joy.

In the pageantry of the Prince's entrance to the Palace, the Prince of the Seas slipped unnoticed into the garden under the Princess' pavilion. He drenched the rose with the drug of drowsiness and, unseen by the Palace attendants, he climbed to the pavilion.

The maiden in love is always a sweet compound of modesty and boldness. The Princess saw in Ahmed, "The Prince of the Seas," the suitor chosen for her by Allah and the rose he offered her seemed a precious omen.

With shy delight she showed him the rose shaped in the sands and, as she explained its mystic meaning, her soft white fingers fell once more athwart his rough brown hand.

Once more he knew that sweet wild thrill.

Breathless with the urge of it, he pressed a kiss upon her hand and, in a moment, they were in each other's arms, conscious of naught save the exquisite fervor of their love.

Ahmed scarce knew with what dissembling he regained possession of the drenched rose and made his departure from the pavilion. He was aware only of an overpowering desire to flee from a place where he did not belong—from a sensation for which he was unfit.

He looked about dazedly for an opportunity to escape from the garden but he was engulfed in the machinery of state and borne along to the throne room. Here, according to the age-long custom of the House and the will of her high-born father, the Princess was to indicate her choice among her suitors.

Ahmed was scarce recovered from his daze when the ring of choice was pressed upon his finger by the chief eunuch.

Overcome with the shame of his imposition, Ahmed detached himself from the Caliph's train and stood alone in the great hall from whence the others had gone to the feast room.

As he stood there pondering how he might reach the Princess, the Mongol slave girl passed him with a stare of recognition.

So it was that while Ahmed was finding his way to the garden bent on confessing his shame, the Mongol slave searched out the Counselor of the Mongol Prince and told him that this Prince of the Seas was no Prince, but a common thief.

The Counselor reported to his master and the Mongol Prince denounced Ahmed to the Caliph and nobles of Bagdad.

The Princess heard her lover's confession with bewildered amazement—but, through it all, she read the story of his love and his repentance and, at the last, she bade him keep her ring and her love, the while she begged him to flee from the merciless wrath of her father.

But Ahmed would not flee. He was in a mood to expiate his crime and, resisting not, he was dragged before the Caliph.

Because he was a thief he was flogged until he swooned. Because of the trick he had performed against his ruler, he was condemned to be torn asunder by the great ape.

Warned of the punishment to be meted out to him, the Princess bribed the guards to spare his life and, bruised and battered as he was, he was yet set in safety into the dark shadows of the streets.

The Caliph would have compelled the Princess to choose among the real Princes who remained. Urged by the Slave of the Sand Board to forget not the prophecy of the sands, she temporized. She begged her father to leave the matter to chance. "Send them away," she pled. "Let them return at the seventh moon bearing rare treasure. Who brings the rarest, I will wed."

So it was left and so Bird of Evil explained it to Ahmed the next morning. For, when the tigers that were set at night to guard the Palace gates were led away to their daytime quarters, Bird of Evil crawled through their tunnels to the streets and found Ahmed near the Palace wall where he had brooded the night away.

"They will return at the seventh moon," he said. "If you would have the Princess, return with me through these tunnels."

But Ahmed would have none of him, and, when Bird of Evil nagged him through the streets, he took refuge in the same mosque where but yesterday he had flouted the Holy Man.

To the Holy Man he bared his bruised soul and the Holy Man convinced him that on the bedrock of humility he might build a new life.

While Ahmed drank in the teachings of the Holy Man, the Mongol Prince instructed his Counselor to remain in Bagdad, disguised from the recognition of the guards.

"From time to time I will send you men in the guise of porters," he said. "Build me an army within the walls."

And the Princess, turning to the tables of sand for comfort, found that the rose persisted. So she nourished a tiny hope for the future.

The Holy Man brought Ahmed to the gates of the city and set him on the path of his adventures, saying:

"At the end of this way is a silver chest that doth contain the greatest magic. Go forth to seek it. Be brave. Control thy destiny."

Taking from his finger the ring of choice, Ahmed split it into two rings with a stroke of the sword the Holy Man had given him.

"Give this to her who hath already my heart," he told the Holy Man, and went forth alone to test his soul.

At a caravansary in the desert, a day's journey from Bagdad, the three Princes took leave of each other, promising to meet there again at the end of the sixth moon.

The Mongol Prince, with suave courtesy, wished the other good fortune, second only to his own. And ere their trains were well started toward their own countries, he set spies to follow each.

But Ahmed:

He traveled far from Bagdad and came at length to the defile that led to the Mountains of Dread Adventure.

"I seek a magic chest," he told the Hermit there.

The Hermit regarded him speculatively.

"Many have gone this way," he said, "but none returned."

Then he described what dangers dire and manifold, what fires and floods, what ravening beasts and birds, what spirits of earth and sea infested the way.

Yet was Ahmed's resolve firm.

So did the Hermit give him a talisman.

"And thy courage fail not," he said, "thou mayst live to reach the Cavern of Enchanted Trees. Touch with this talisman the midmost tree."

And Ahmed fared onward.

Within the Kingdom where he bade and forbade, the Mongol Prince awaited the reports of his spies.

So came a runner telling him that, while the Persian Prince had slumbered in his litter, his chief attendant had purchased for him in the bazaars of Shiraz a rug of such magical properties that it would carry one through the air withersoever it was directed. And the fat and torpid Persian Prince was convinced that this rug was the greatest rarity in the world.

Came another runner telling that a driven slave had clambered to the lofty head of a forgotten idol near Kandahar and plucked from its eye-socket a crystal of such magical properties that in it one could see whatsoever he desired to see. And the arrogant and purse-proud Indian Prince for whom this crystal was secured was convinced that it was the greatest rarity in the world.

Then the Mongol Prince smiled a crafty smile and conferred with his court magician, a man of foul favor. And after he had thus conferred, he sailed to the Island of Wak where the court magician wrested from its sacred shrine an apple of such magical properties that it would cure any sickness, no matter how grievous. So, convinced that his treasure was the greatest rarity in the world, the Mongol Prince smiled anew his crafty smile and commanded a runner that he make haste to Bagdad and gave order that at the end of the sixth moon the Princess be given a deadly poison.

This was the case of the three Princes, but as regards Ahmed:

After many days and nights he came to the Valley of Fire. A surging wall of flame barred his advance. He plunged through this to find another and another. Then his unaccustomed flesh shrank, his undisciplined soul rebelled, but the ring of choice upon his finger became a cool band of courage and he persevered, coming at length to a cooling stream of sweet waters.

So, praising Allah for his cleansing fires, he fared onward.

Coming nigh unto the Cavern of Enchanted Trees he would have entered therein but for a prodigious dragon that came snarling and bellowing from between two beetling crags. So he fought the dragon until it perished and he won past it into the Cavern of the Enchanted Trees. The midmost tree, when he had touched it with the Hermit's talisman, creaked and stretched and spoke to him, directing him where he might come upon the Midnight Sea.

So he left that place and fared onward many days and when he had come to the Midnight Sea, the Old Man thereof sent him many fathoms below the surface of the sea in search of a star-shaped key.

When he had found the star-shaped key, Ahmed felt himself clasped in the hairy arms of a vile and monstrous sea-spider. Which when he had killed, he would have returned to the surface of the sea, but that his ears were ravished with sweet sounds and certain daughters of the sea would have tempted him to stay with them and be the king of their fairy caverns. But, resisting temptation, he came again to the Old Man of the Sea who told him that his star-shaped key would unlock the stable of the winged horses.

"Take the white horse that nibbleth at thy right hand," he said, "for he alone knoweth the way to the Citadel of the Moon."

So, even as the Old Man of the Sea had said, Ahmed climbed to the cloud-borne abode of the winged horses and took from thence the white horse that nibbled at his right hand.

And the winged horse traveled with him far up the pathway of the sky and, after many days, he came to the base of the flight of a thousand steps that led to the far Citadel of the Moon. Up to this silvern shrine Ahmed fared alone. And there, wrapped about in a cloak of invisibility, was a silver chest that fitted itself to the palm of his hand.

His heart overflowed with gratitude to Allah. He felt within himself the power to do good, to make amends for all his grievous past.

At the caravansary in the desert the three Princes met according as they had planned. Each displayed his rare treasure and each believed his own the rarest.

In the breast of the Mongol Prince was hidden the knowledge that by now the Princess would have succumbed to the poison he had ordered.

With his customary suavity he suggested that the Indian Prince put his crystal to use and discover whether the Princess had waited as she pledged.

The crystal disclosed the desperate illness of the Princess — showed her surrounded by physicians helpless to give aidance and agonized over by her royal father.

Mindful that the Caliph had promised the throne of Bagdad to the fortunate suitor who won his daughter, the Persian and the Indian were impatient to go to her assistance. The Persian offered his rug to convey them and the Mongol pointed out that the apple might save her life if they arrived in time.

On the magic carpet the three Princes flew across the waste lands to Bagdad and appeared without warning in the sleeping-chamber of the Princess. With every appearance of sympathetic solicitude, the Mongol Prince made his way to the bedside of the dying maiden and by the magic of the healing that was inherent in the golden apple, he restored her to glowing health.

Far away at the flat rock within the defile in the Mountains of Dread Adventure, the flying horse alighted so that Ahmed might dismount. Then it flew away to its stable above the clouds.

The Hermit of the defile came to meet Ahmed. He saw the silver chest and gravely salaamed to the man who bore it.

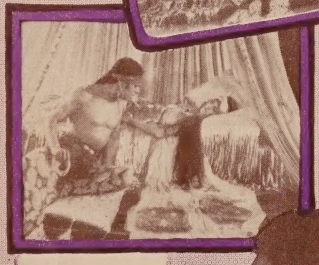
"Only its rightful heritor can carry that magic chest," he said. "Thou hast won the power to do good than which there is no greater happiness."

He gestured toward the box in explanation of its uses. Ahmed, listening, pondered in his heart the secrets of the silver chest. Then he scattered from it some of the seeds it contained and saw before him a horse to his needs and a garb suited to the quest before him.

So he mounted and rode away toward Bagdad, wondering if now he might fairly compete for the hand of the Princess.

To the Princess came the knowledge that health had been restored to her. She begged her father to explain how this had come about.

Each in his turn the princely suitors claimed the credit of her cure.



"I," said the Mongol Prince, "with my golden apple, I saved your life."

"Not so," said the Indian Prince, "I—by discovering your plight in my magic crystal—I saved your life."

"They claim too much," said the Persian Prince. "I—with my rug—I saved your life."

And, while they argued among themselves, the little Slave of the Sand Board crept to the Princess' side and looked into the magic crystal.

She whispered to her mistress: "He cometh. He cometh. Gain time." She held the crystal up for the Princess to see.

The Princess gazed into the crystal and pressed her hands to her lips to stifle a cry of joy. For what she saw was Ahmed riding boldly, his head upflung, and he held high above his head the magic silver chest.

The Princess reflected for a moment and then summoned her father.

"Who can decide which of these gifts is rarest?" she said. "Without the crystal they would not have known, without the carpet they could not have come, without the apple they could not have saved me. Each had been useless without the other two."

Perhaps the Mongol Prince might have argued the matter but at this moment his Counselor, advised of events by the Mongol maid, came into the room.

Behind his fan he whispered to his Prince: "You have twenty thousand troops within the walls," and, soothed by this assurance, the Mongol Prince, with his customary soft composure spoke of taking quiet thought on the matter through the night.

Through the night twenty thousand Mongol troops threw off their disguises and took possession of Bagdad.

The Caliph and Persian and Indian were thrown into a cell and told that morning held death for them in vats of boiling oil.

Guards were sent to put away the attendants of the Princess and keep watch over her during the night.

When morning came, the Mongol Prince was comfortably ensconced on the throne of Bagdad. He ordered the Princess fetched before him.

Benumbed by the events of the night she came. Once more the cup of joy had been dashed from her lips. The hope roused by the sight of her beloved in the crystal was drowned in her despair. Unprotesting—she heard the Mongol Prince

bid her prepare for marriage to him and silent—numbed —she was led away.

Ahmed, pulling up at a well on the desert to make his ablutions and pray the dawn prayer, learned from frightened refugees that the Mongols had taken Bagdad. He mounted his horse and galloped to the gates of the city.

"Open wide the gates of Bagdad!" he ordered, and when the Mongol guard in the gate tower voiced a contemptuous refusal, he opened his magic chest and scattered seeds broadcast.

The Mongols on the battlemented walls watched in fascinated dismay.

Below them there appeared out of nothingness a group of shining white soldiers.

The guards bent lower to watch.

Ahmed's hand flashed in sowing motion — once — twice — thrice — the Mongols lost count.

And with every motion of that sowing hand, there appeared on the plain below unnumbered hosts of silver clad warriors.

Stark panic seized the Mongol soldiers. With one accord they fled from the wall, shouting warnings to their fellows within the town.

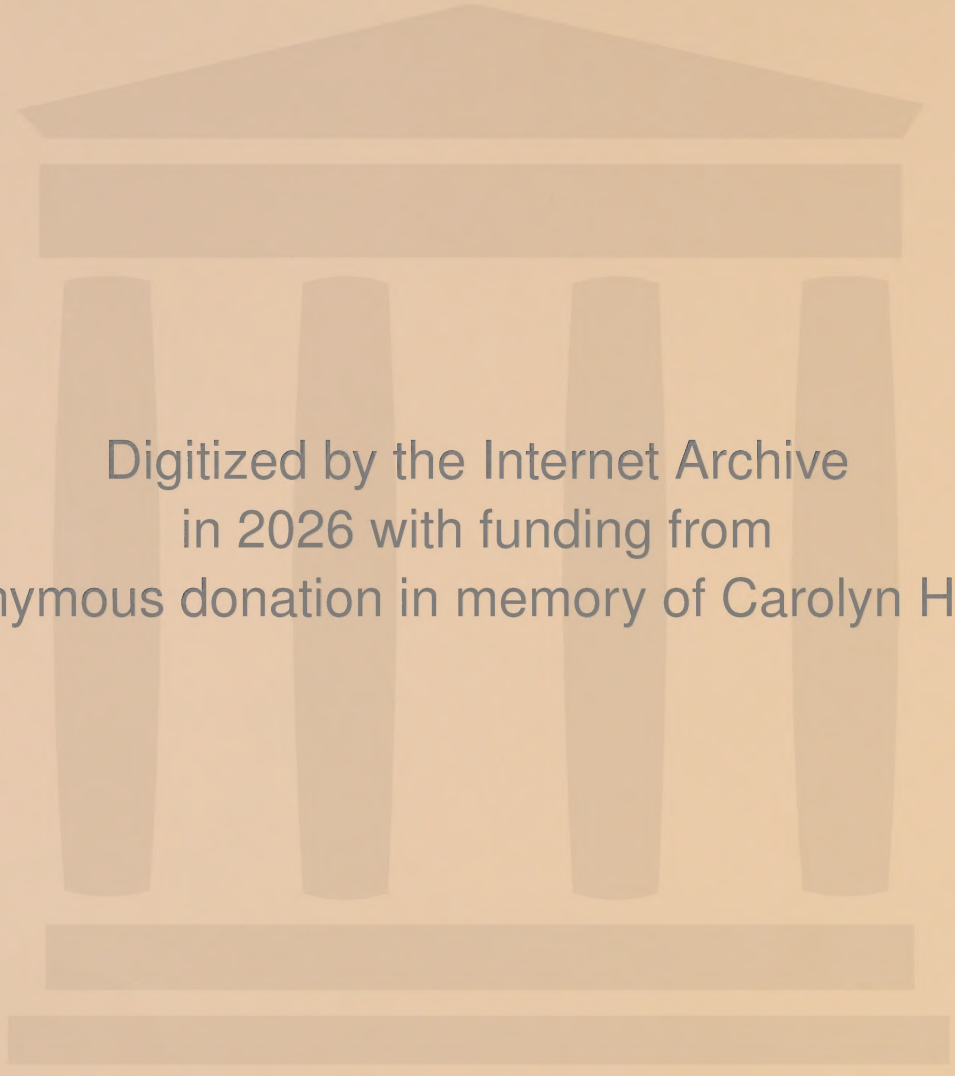
Out from their houses came the townspeople and into the town thronged the great white army.

Like a stream of white lava it poured through the town, covering all the streets with its wide expanse.

Before its steady oncoming, the horrid black shapes that were the Mongol army melted into nothingness.

Warned of the coming of the gleaming multitude, the Counselor rushed panic-stricken to the Mongol Prince to tell what he had heard.

"Set my guards at the Palace gates," his Prince ordered and hastened from the throne room.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But, ere he had fled far, came a runner, kneeling to say:

"Great Khan, every way of escape is blocked."

Then did the Mongol Prince bare his neck and order the runner to sever his head from his body.

The runner raised his sword, but the Mongol slave girl checked its fall.

"The flying carpet," she reminded, "and the Princess."

Again the smile of craft envisaged the Mongol Prince. He hurried away nor knew that the little Slave of the Lute, listening behind the arras, had caught the words and crept from the room.

To the sleeping-chamber of the Princess, where the rug was under guard, the Mongol Prince betook himself.

He ordered the spreading of the rug, and then—with a look of cunning and desire—his gaze encompassed the Princess. He strode toward her.

And while the Princess fled from his pursuit, the little Slave of the Lute plowed her way through the crowded streets and bore to Ahmed the word of the peril of the Princess.

Ahmed could not wait for his army. With orders to a lieutenant to rescue all who were still under the yoke of the Mongols and to follow him to the Palace, he sped away.

It facilitated his speed to don the cloak of invisibility and a silver whirlwind swept through the Palace, knocking aside soldiers, furniture, whatever impeded.

The Mongol Prince had harried the Princess until she swooned.

His Counselor had joined them and, together, they placed the unconscious Princess on the rug and made the magic signs to lift it in flight.

They braced themselves for the uplift and then—they saw nothing and heard nothing—but they felt the impact of a lithe, muscular body and they measured their lengths on the floor.

Then they gasped in amaze as invisible hands lifted the Princess and carried her up the bridge that led from the room. Bent on possessing her, the Mongols followed.

Ahmed, dropping his cloak, revived the fainting Princess. His white soldiers handed the Mongol Prince and his Counselor over to the untender mercies of the Palace eunuchs. And then, as the reunited lovers would have clasped each other in arms of love, came an influx of grateful friends.

The Caliph, gladly bestowing his daughter upon their rescuer, was profuse in his expressions of satisfaction.

The Persian, the Indian, the dignitaries of the court, all must say over and over again their phrases of fervent gratitude.

It was too much.

Ahmed bethought him again of his magic cloak. He threw it round his Princess and himself. Scarce would it cover them both and the astonished court caught the twinkle of feet going away from them. They followed.

Straight to the magic rug tripped the twinkling feet. Ahmed dropped the cloak and again the lovers were disclosed. Waving farewells to the grateful court, they floated out of the Palace, over the heads of the doting populace, out into the desert night and up toward the stars that spelled in star clusters: "Happiness Must Be Earned."

Translating Fantasy Into Pictures

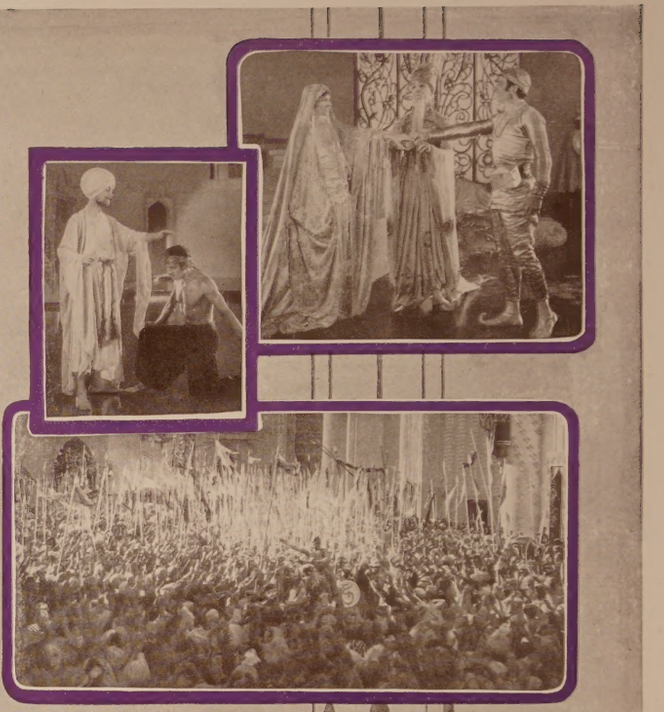
Fantasy is elusive. Its texture is woven of the slender threads of dreams. Its people move in a fairyland, where everything rests upon the light and airy foundation of fancy. This is the very spirit of "The Thief of Bagdad" and to translate it into pictures was a thing that conscripted all the artistic, mechanical and imaginative talents of many people. Into this picture has gone—not so many million feet of lumber or kegs of nails—but the very heart and ambition of scores of loyal workers that Mr. Fairbanks gathered around him.

First of all, there was the basic fact that when a thing is photographed, it is given substance and reality. This was overcome by building acres of glazed floor, which reflected the buildings, gave gleaming high lights along the base lines, destroyed the reality of solid foundations. This imparted the illusion of floating so that the magnificent structures, with their shadows growing darker as they ascend, seem to have the fantastic quality of hanging from the clouds rather than of being set firmly upon the earth.

To further the illusion, the environment of the characters was designed out of proportion to human fact. Flowers, vases, stairs, windows and decorative effects were given a bizarre quality suggestive of the unreal.

Even the tinting and toning of the film is subtly co-related with the action; a roseate glow for the romantic moments; a garish green where the terrifying monsters appear; a soft Uranium sepia where the beautiful golden haze glows about the dream city of Bagdad and throughout all the fantasy a feeling of rich Maxfield Parrish blue—that marvelous medium of imaginative whimsy.

Then, lest the bald reality of the theatre obtrude itself, Mr. Fairbanks has provided an incense born of the flowers of the Orient, to permeate the atmosphere of the Pogany panels.



What the New York Critics Say—

N. Y. COMMERCIAL—

The world's greatest "movie" arrived at the Liberty Theatre last evening. * * * "The Thief of Bagdad" challenges description. It is easily the most artistic picture ever shown in New York.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE GUIDE—

* * * We have seen nothing which matches it in imaginative power, splendor or conception, and absolute genius of photography. This is a case where the press representative might write his own story and never overdo the superlative.

N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE—

* * * 20,000 people gathered. * * * Numbers of policemen * * * were quite ineffectual. Someone had told us we should need at least twenty new adjectives to describe Douglas Fairbanks' new picture * * * the greatest thing that ever has been put on the screen! It would be foolish to compare "The Thief of Bagdad" with any other production, for it is totally unlike anything that ever has been done.

N. Y. DAILY NEWS—

Well, well, it was good to struggle in past the usher incense burners and the usher hourie, sit down and rest your bones, and watch "The Thief of Bagdad" unreel itself. "The Thief of Bagdad" is a film which will exhaust fans' superlatives for some time to come.

N. Y. TELEGRAM—

"The Thief of Bagdad" is a picture so fine and so full of incident that it demands several visits for its full enjoyment.

JAY KAUFMAN—

* * * it is the greatest picture we have ever seen or ever expect to see. Extravagant? No. Mild? Yes. Why? Here's idea, story, beauty, romance, color, life, truth, imagination—all sheer perfection.

N. Y. AMERICAN—

Mr. Fairbanks has given us his finest picture and his finest work in "The Thief of Bagdad." * * * No one should miss seeing "The Thief of Bagdad." I only hope those who visit the Liberty Theatre will enjoy the picture as much as I did. This is a strong endorsement, I know, but "The Thief of Bagdad" merits it.

N. Y. JOURNAL OF COMMERCE—

Douglas Fairbanks and his newest feature photoplay, "The Thief of Bagdad," actually took New York by storm last evening. Thousands of persons clogged traffic of all kinds on West Forty-second Street, despite a platoon of reserve policemen summoned to handle them, from long before eight o'clock until nearly midnight, when the last scene had been flashed. * * * "The Thief of Bagdad" in its colossal magnificence beggars description.

N. Y. WORLD—

Yes for "The Thief of Bagdad." The yes ought to be said early. The yes is from its opening * * * scene to the final second finely woven fantasy of a grade so far superior to anything of its general character ever done before that comparison is rendered impossible.

KELCEY ALLEN—

If you want to see a motion picture rich in oriental beauty, flawless in photography and perfect in lighting * * * let me recommend to you Douglas Fairbanks' new film, "The Thief of Bagdad," presented last night at the Liberty * * * "The Thief of Bagdad" will be with us for a long time.

STAATS-ZEITUNG—

A motion picture is a motion picture but Douglas Fairbanks made us see the error of our thought Tuesday evening when he presented for the first time his latest production, "The Thief of Bagdad" at the Liberty Theatre. * * * I have run out of superlatives and adjectives in my praise of this picture and when I recuperate I will write about it again.

N. Y. POST—

Once again Douglas Fairbanks—for it is his new production—has taken a decided step forward in showing what can be done with intelligence and a camera.

N. Y. SUN—

Towards the middle of it last night the audience was clapping every new setting and the photoplay had become a sort of orgy of rapture. It is something to file away in a bronze reel case in the hollow of a key-stone that will show some prying generation of the future how far Americans came in ingenuity and sensitiveness. * * *

BROOKLYN TIMES—

No matter how much you may detest motion pictures, you owe it to yourself to enter the Liberty Theatre, which had better be called the house of wonder.

METCALFE—

Even the morons, who have to be considered in all picture plays on account of the importance attached to their patronage by cheap exhibitors, are bound to be interested in the numberless gorgeous and sensational effects.

N. Y. JOURNAL—

A fantastic screen symphony—fifteen reels of rhapsodic rhythm. Fairbanks is superb in his characterization, and the color, the moods, the imagination of the theme and setting, give one the sensation of day-dreaming. * * * I could go on, and on, for every scene is more fascinating than the one before.

BROOKLYN EAGLE

* * * the gorgeous settings, the scenes of mythical beauty, than which there has never been any more bewitching in the cinema. Time and again the ultra-select first night audience burst into enthusiastic applause as these fairy-like scenes were flashed upon the screen at the Liberty.

N. Y. TIMES—

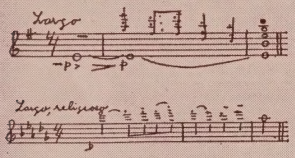
It is an entrancing picture, wholesome and beautiful; deliberate but compelling, a feat of motion picture art which has never been equalled.

N. Y. TELEGRAPH—

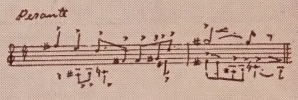
* * * transported a blase first night audience and before he permitted them to retire he had them alternately laughing, applauding and even shouting.

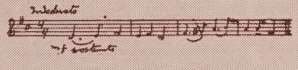
Original Musical Score of Mortimer Wilson

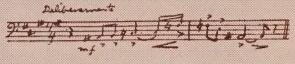
The Desert Pastorale and the personification of The Holy One are characterized in the Prologue and Epilogue as follows:



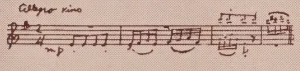
Thief and Evil motives combined:

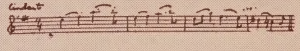


The streets, environs and Bazaars of Bagdad are represented thus:

The personification of the Evil influence:

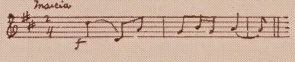


The Chasing of the Thief episode uses the following canonic subject as its basic motive:

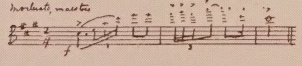


Transition from Day to Night:

The street Magician with his musician is discovered to this treble wail:

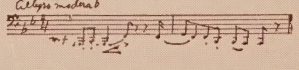
The Train of Porters carry gifts to the Princess to this nasal tune:

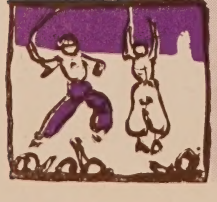


As the Magic Rope ascends:

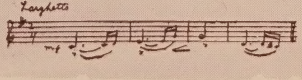


The Guards (Eunuchs) of the Treasure Chest:

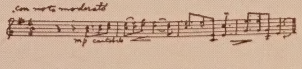




While a thief is Scourged:



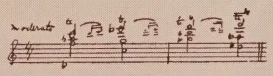
A Chinese maid lulls the Princess to sleep with a Serenade:

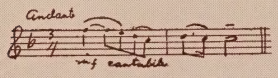


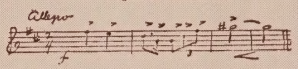
Its Harmonic Fealty

There is no moment, no gesture, no situation in the play but that the musical score provides a fitting note; like a grand opera it was written scene by scene that it should be no mere background; but a vital emotional symphony.

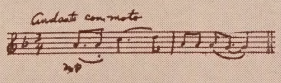
The Magic Rug:



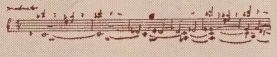
The Princess motive:

The Thief motive appears in many forms. As a germanic unit its simplest form is:



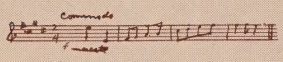
The motive of the Love Theme:

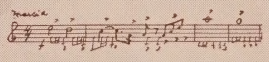


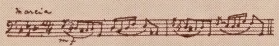
The Gazing Crystal:



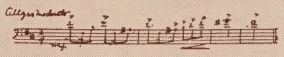
The Royal motive:



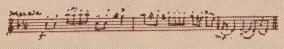
The Thief as "Prince Ahmed":

The Prince of India enters:



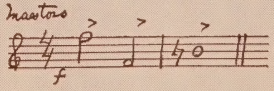
The Winged Horse:



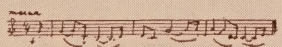
The Mongol Prince:



The Magic Apple:



The Persian Prince:



The Whirlwind (Cape of Invisibility):

A few things to puzzle about after you have seen

"The Thief of Bagdad"

The Flight of a Thousand Steps leading to the Citadel of the Moon.

* * *

The Spider many times bigger than a man.

* * *

The Living Dragon of gigantic size.

* * *

The Winged Horse that carries the thief in spectacular flight through space.

* * *

The Cloak of Invisibility which with weird effect shields the thief from human sight.

* * *

The Magic Carpet of Bagdad which bears its owner over the housetops and away into the Land of Romance.

* * *

The Cavern of Enchanted Trees.

* * *

The wondrous Idol so great in size that a man can stand upon its chin and barely reach its lips.

* * *

The Crystal Realm far beneath the floor of the sea, where beautiful sirens abide.

* * *

The Valley of Fire.

* * *

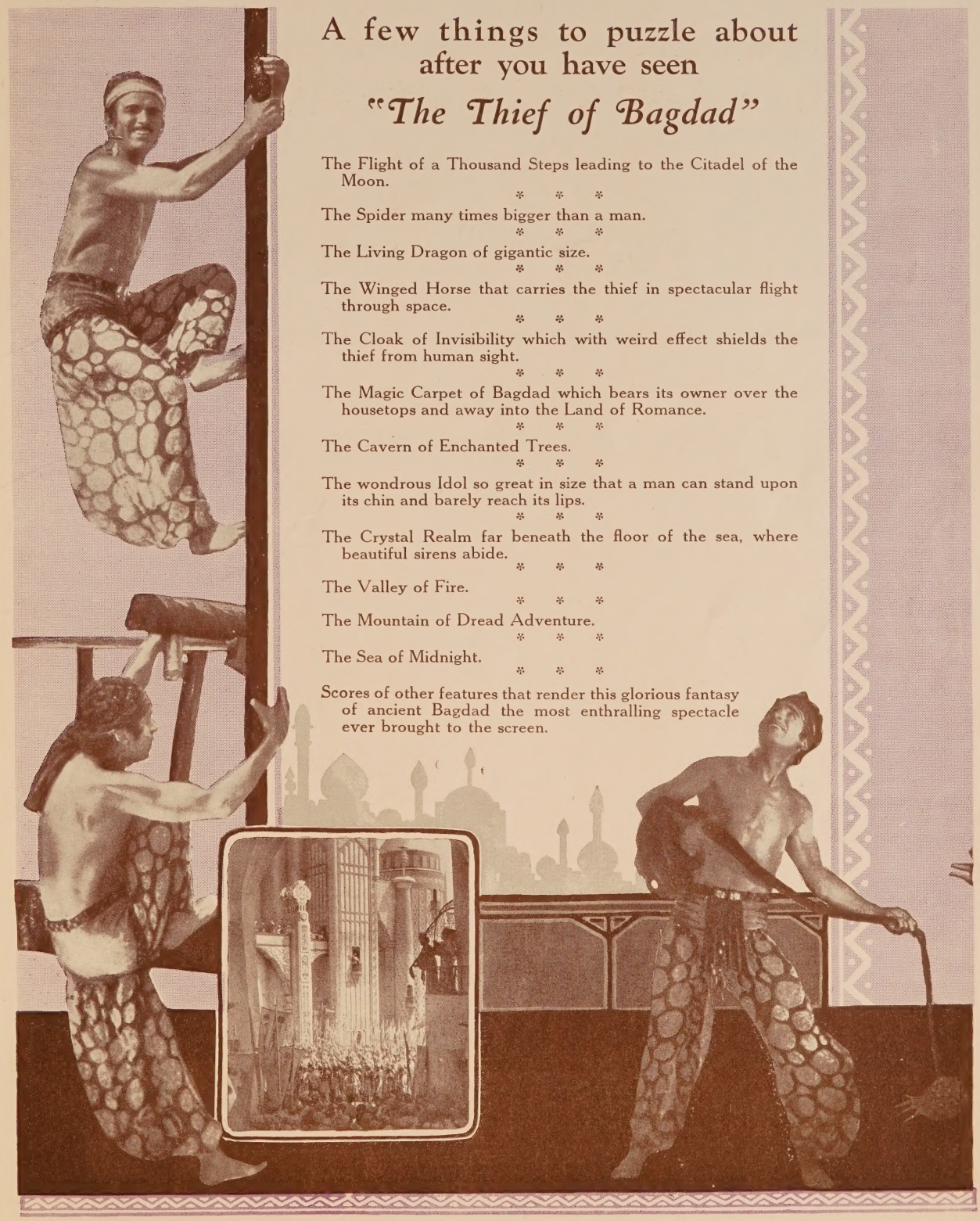
The Mountain of Dread Adventure.

* * *

The Sea of Midnight.

* * *

Scores of other features that render this glorious fantasy of ancient Bagdad the most enthralling spectacle ever brought to the screen.



Even to the Posters — has the idea of fantasy been carried

This extraordinary poster is the conception of Willie Pogany, whose sense of the bizarre combined with a genius for color has placed him in the front rank of contemporary artists. Mr. Pogany seems able somehow to capture the ephemeral spirit of imagery and imprison it in glowing color.

This is the work of Anton Grot, the Bavarian artist, a member of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Mr. Grot's famous painting, "The Shepherd's Dream," had a poetic quality that is evident in the flying horse poster he created for "The Thief of Bagdad," but in this later opus there is a sweep of feeling that more than fulfills the promise of his earlier work.

FLEMING & REAVELY, INC.,
NEW YORK, N. Y.